

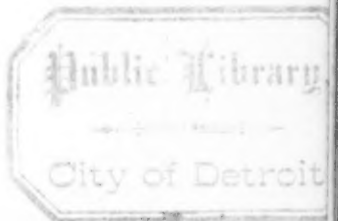
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"MUGWUMP!!!"

THE TRIBULATION TRIO.—Who said Mugwump? There aren't any Mugwumps! Go away! Who's afraid?



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

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KEPPLER &amp; SCHWARZMANN.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE spoilsmen just now seem to be in a sort of half-conscious *delirium tremens*, shaking with a horror of the direful Mugwump, whose existence they deny. Their cry is "Take 'em away—we haven't got 'em!" Their principal newspaper organs seem to be afflicted after much the same fashion. To-day they print long articles, fortified by tables of statistics, to show that there are no Mugwumps, that there never were any Mugwumps, and that if there is a Mugwump, he will die soon. To-morrow they will print still longer articles, warning the President against the pernicious influence of the Mugwump horde.

On Monday, the Mugwumps are a small, insignificant and impotent band of unpractical political theorists, worthy only of being laughed at and pitied. On Tuesday, they are an organized band of political assassins, and a menace to republican freedom. So it goes on, and the woful *Tribune*, the erratic *Sun* and the kaleidoscopic *World* are the most troubled of all the organs of the Spoils party. The *Sun* curses the Mugwumps and denies their existence. The *World* curses the President for listening to the Mugwumps—which there are none, as Mrs. Gamp would say. The *Tribune* curses both the President and the Mugwumps, on general principles, and is certain that it has never seen a Mugwump in all its life.

And still the Mugwump lives and multiplies. And the reason of this is most clear and easily understood. The growth of the Mugwump idea is simply the growth of intelligence and morality. And intelligence and morality may flourish in politics as well as in business and social life—which is what the Mugwump is trying to prove.

The power of the Mugwump lies in the fact that you can not bind him by the limitations of low partisanship. He belongs to a party only so long as that party belongs to a principle. When it ceases to be a party founded on principle and fighting for what is good, decent and desirable, he leaves it; just as any honest man should leave a society that becomes corrupt and criminal. He is a man, in short, who will not do what is undeniably wrong and dishonest because a majority of the men with whom he associates tells him to do the wrong and dishonest thing.



AN Appointment  
 IN HEAVEN at the FOURTH JASPER WALL well met,  
 JUST in the SHINING PATHWAY of the SUN.  
 THERE I'll await you COMING DOWN the STREET,  
 NOT as an ANGEL with big WINGS upon  
 YOUR SHOULDERS, but in every LINE and FEATURE  
 The same DEAR, LOVELY and familiar CREATURE.  
 COME in that FAVORITE skirt of SPOTTED LAWN,  
 The HAIR untwisted, YELLOW as the DAWN,  
 The dear POKE-BONNET shadowing the BROWN eyes,  
 Where SUCH a wealth of DEAR AFFECTION lies.  
 Other than THIS I would NOT have you COME,  
 YOUR cheeks LIKE fair twin PEACHES in BLOOM,  
 The FIRM strong SHOULDERS and the brown JASMINE  
 PLACED  
 A careless CIRCLE at your TAPERING waist;  
 For HUGE great WINGS, SUCH as your ARTISTS paint,  
 MUST sorely DISCOMMODE the gentle SAINT.  
 JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

It is of little use to talk to Mr. Pulitzer of the *World* or to Mr. Reid of the *Tribune*. Neither is a man who can look much further than the limits of his bank account. But it is strange that a man of the intellect and experience of Mr. Dana can not see that he espouses a hopeless cause when he takes the part of the political tramps and robbers against the men who are engineering a needed reform in politics. He knows, or he ought to know, that no great abuse can live forever; that, perceptibly or imperceptibly, the great wrongs of this world are righted; that the seemingly chaotic movement of civilization is really a slow and steady drift toward better things.

Perhaps Mr. Dana, when he lends his paper to the propagation of a hopelessly immoral political faith, believes that he can reap a reward of the moment, and be ready for the next turn of affairs. But that is a silly and short-sighted calculation for a man like Charles A. Dana. He knows what his policy has already cost him; by rights, he should know more. He knew more in those old Brook Farm days—which were better days for him, after all, than he has seen since. He knew then what he ought to know now—that just as surely as the sun rises and sets in heaven, so surely must such a reform be accomplished as the men whom he ridicules and insults have undertaken to accomplish. In his life-time he has seen the Mugwumps of his own generation overthrow the infernal tyranny of a slave-holding oligarchy. And if he lives out his allotted span of years, he will see systematized corruption crushed out of our politics, and left as dead as slavery.

Senator Beck is not a Mugwump by profession; but he is upholding Mugwump principles when he introduces a bill in Congress forbidding United States Senators to take pay from rail-road corporations. Such a bill should be unnecessary. But even men of the position of Messrs. Edmunds and Evarts have grown so callous in the profession of politics that they can not see the impropriety—to put it very mildly—of taking pay from men whose business they will have to regulate in their capacity of servants of the national government. We welcome Senator Beck to the ranks of the Mugwumps. But we warn him that one solitary exhibition of reformative enthusiasm is not enough to keep him in good standing as a Mugwump. The requirements of the party are simple, but positive. To be a Mugwump, one must be, in everything and at all times, an honest man.



I AM an owl. I am an old owl. I am an old pale-gray owl, and wisdom begins at my head, and trickles off my talons. I am a bird of wisdom and a bird of wit. I am a feathered Brahmin, but not a Brahma rooster. I know many things. I know the Edmunds' faction in Vermont is promising to stand by Blaine in 1888, simply because they know that in 1888 there will be no chance for Mr. James G. Blaine. I know that this is summer time, I know that nature's now sublime, I know that PUCK's worth twice a dime. If I were to tell you all I know and foresee, you would put me down for a feathered Mother Shipton, and wonder why I am not a professional fortune-teller. Therefore, I will tell you nothing more than I know at present, except that if you are in need of happiness and enjoyment, and want to increase your weight with laughter, you must not fail to purchase a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS for 1886—is now ready, and can be obtained of all newsdealers—twenty-five cents. [For sale by all newsdealers. Price Twenty-five cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of Thirty cents. Please make Postal Notes payable at Station "A," N. Y. P. O.]



## A HUM FROM A WORK-SHOP.

THE reader may have inferred from my open letter to Terence V., in No. 482 of PUCK, that I am a workingman. Well, I am. That is, although I call myself more particularly a humorist now-a-days, I still manage to get in the allotted ten hours a day at the work-bench. I do this, not so much from love of work as from hygienic motives, my constitution being in such a state that it requires regular and hearty meals to keep up its tone. Probably some would prefer a more elegant method of calisthenics—one in which overalls and unclean hands would not figure quite so prominently. But that is a question of personal taste which we will not discuss.

"Well, if you are a workingman and consent to write for such a hyphenated, double-blanked capitalistic paper as PUCK, all I can say is you're a blanked fool."

Who was that? By the voice and style of the remark I should say—ah yes, I thought so. In the speaker I recognize Mr. Jotham K. Jaw-jerker, one of those personages I alluded to in my letter as Greenback gunes (later Ben Butler bums) who have now attached themselves to the Knights of Labor with all the tenacity of the eight-legged octopus. I will have a little talk with Jotham, and, for once in a way, I will bear the brunt of the interview. I speak:

"Mr. J—, I pass over your allusion to me as a blanked fool because I know it is only a way of yours. I remember how a few months back you bitterly denounced every workingman in this country as an equally blanked fool for not voting his true friend and game-eyed Benny-factor into the Presidency. I freely admit that PUCK is of somewhat capitalistic tendencies, as I have known it to send checks around as though it was made of capital. But as to my consenting to write for it—don't mention it."

"I mean that PUCK is a friend to the bloated capitalist, and an enemy of the workingman."

"You, Jotham, are one kind of a workingman. By the sweat of your wife's brow do you gain your bread. She works from twelve to eighteen hours a day running a boarding-house, while you add to her burden of cares by looking after the finances in a way that makes the finances look sick. I believe you did once take a contract to sweep out a church, but threw it up the second week because it blistered your hands and made your back ache. 'This is not a proud record for a workingman, Jotham, but it is as much as you, or most of your agitating sort can boast; and it is quite enough to make you eligible for the office of Master Workman in the noble order of the Knights of Labor, which you now hold. I hardly think that PUCK will lay himself out to please such workingmen as you, any more than he has tried to solidify himself with bloated capitalists like Jay Gould. But to the good, genuine workingman like—well, like me, just for instance, he claims to be a friend."

"Yes, a great friend when he fights for Free Trade and to—er—"

"Reduce me to the condition of the pauper laborer of Europe. Exactly. I am aware that PUCK has been handling his pen, pencil, and other tools very vigorously for some years past in the effort to raze that crazy and amorphous piece of architecture, our Protective Tariff. Have you ever studied that Tariff, Jotham? Can you tell why an article to be used for one purpose is taxed more than the same article is if to be used for another purpose? Or why a commodity imported in a bag should pay more duty than the same imported in a barrel? Ah, it is a bewildering question. I have given the Tariff schedules a casual looking over, and have had some practical experience of its workings, but have never dared to enter into the subject very deeply. I observed by the papers recently

that Secretary Manning was engaged in an exhaustive and assiduous investigation of the Tariff system. Next I saw that Secretary Manning had been seized with vertigo, and was dangerously ill. And now it is announced that Secretary Manning has gone on a tour of recuperation. Verily, a motto over the door of the Treasury Department, 'Study the Tariff and Die,' would not be a bad idea. Why, if necessary, I would gladly become a pauper just for the sake of having the Protective foolishness done away with. Have you anything further to say about PUCK, Jotham?"

"I say it is a blanketty blanked aristocratic sheet, and I hope they will boycott it to death."

"Aristocratic! That's a new idea. And so PUCK is an aristocrat, is he? Let us see. Firstly, he wears a silk hat. Bad. Secondly, a dress coat. Strong corroborative testimony. Thirdly, no trousers; probably because he feels too big for them. Ah, Jotham, this touches me to the quick. I will look into it, and if it appears that PUCK neither chews tobacco, smokes a strong T. D., drinks with strangers, or visits the Salvation Army, then our ways must part. Down with the aristocrats!"

"Can you lend me a dollar until next week?"

"Certainly." EKE YOUNG.

IN THE Broadway railroad history we read with great pleasure of a class of men who are called "innocent stockholders." It would make us just as happy to learn that some "innocent Aldermen" were connected with it; but we fear our happiness from this source is not going to be overpowering. While dwelling upon this subject we take great pleasure in suggesting to some topical song-writer the following:

Oh, my name is Billy Moloney,  
As I sailed, as I sailed.

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

WE BELIEVE the case of Louis II. of Bavaria is the first on record of the patient killing his doctor.

HERR MOST is working in the blacksmith shop of the institution in which he is sojourning. He blows the bellows.

THE NEWS from England is to the effect that Gladstone has determined to "go to the country." Here, too. We start for Newport next week.

SOME YEARS AGO Patti was one of thirteen guests at a dinner-table. The other day she was married to Nicolini. What does the Thirteen Club think of this?

THE COUNT OF PARIS has just been offered Claremont Castle by Queen Victoria. Having declined the generous offer, it is believed that the Count is coming to America. Before going to press Cyrus W. Field had not come forward with his little offer. It is almost time, by the way, for Cyrus to erect a monument to the memory of the Anarchists recently killed in Chicago.

THE SERVANT-GIRLS of St. Louis have just joined the Knights of Labor, and it is said that they intend to bring their mistresses to terms before long. We suppose this means that they will work only for people who will allow them a day off whenever they want it, draw their wages in advance, wear whatever they like of their mistresses' clothing, give their cousins a weekly kirmess or kettledrum, and be taken to the opera with the family, and be allowed to eat at the same table.

## THE LATEST SUGGESTION FOR A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE.



Put away the Presidential  
Notions that he cannot bear—  
Little Childsey will continue  
In the editorial chair.

[Gone to meet Roswell P. Flower.]

## DESTROYING A DUDE.

*A Base-Ball Episode.*

LAST week a regular silver-plated city dude struck Concord Corners. He wore the name of E. Bensing Compton, and an outfit that included checked pants as big as meal-bags, and a spotted collar as high as a cuff-box. He lugged a buck-horn cane and cavorted considerably among the girls. He said he had come to the country for his health, but his seven-story airs and sick lobster smile pretty soon turned all us fellows against him, even if he wasn't exactly well. If he hadn't put on so much all-fired style, and hadn't made a walking chromo of himself, we wouldn't have minded;

but when the boys met down at the cross-roads Friday night, it was the general impression that a few feathers had to be pulled out of that particular peacock's tail, whether he got the health he was looking for or not.

After talking the matter over, Ben Thompson suggested that we invite him to play a game of base-ball. "We'll put him on first base," said he: "and by the time the game's over we'll have to carry him home on a board."

This plan prevailed. We had a good club, and some of the boys could throw a ball so as to knock the eternal stuffing out of anybody who tried to stop it. Ben Thompson was worse than a dynamite-gun as a thrower. We decided to make him pitcher, and we knew very well that if that dude tried to catch one of his balls there would be a tragedy.

We waited on Mr. E. Bensing Compton that night, and asked him if he would join us in a game of ball the next day.

"Certainly, dear boys, certainly. I'll be delighted, really."

It almost made us sick to listen to him; but we thought of the treat in store for the next day, and that was our recompense.

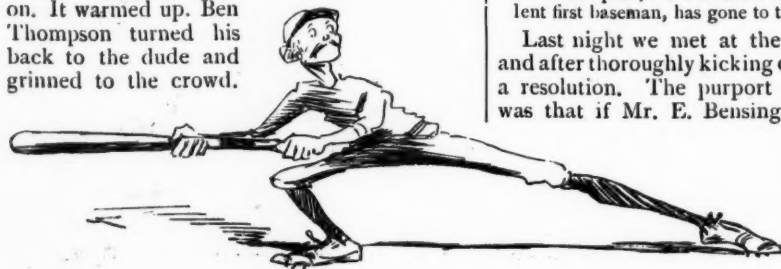
Saturday afternoon came. So did the base-ballists. We had whispered around that there was some fun to be seen, and as a consequence nearly everybody around the Corners was on hand.

When the dude arrived there was a quiet smile along the line, but he didn't seem to have sense enough to notice it.

We asked him if he was willing to go on first base. He said he wasn't much of a player, and didn't think he could attend to it; but we pooh-poohed the idea, and he at last gave in, while everybody laughed in their sleeves.

The game opened. The dude stood at his place just as if he was afraid the base would jump up and bite him. We led off the game rather tenderly at first, so as to lead him on. Ben Thompson tossed a ball to him as if he was a baby, and he caught it as if it was a can of dynamite. When he rubbed his hands and scowled, everybody laughed and whispered such things as: "Ain't it tender?" "Somebody go pet him." "Look out, it'll fall to pieces."

But the game went on. It warmed up. Ben Thompson turned his back to the dude and grinned to the crowd.



## A GLOOMY SUMMER BEFORE THEM.



PROPRIETOR.—I have procured a complete stock of medicines, gentlemen, and should any of you be taken suddenly ill while the base-ball season continues at the Polo Grounds, you will not need to go home, as I can prescribe for you myself right here on the premises.

Then everybody knew what was coming. Ben raised himself on his tip-toes, twirled around and shot the ball toward the first base. The crowd was breathless. The ball went like lightning. The dude grabbed for it. It hit him in the hands and spun him around. The crowd laughed while he stood there like a corpse trying to smile. In a minute or two he got alive again. In fact, he got considerably alive. He lifted his right arm, swung it around like a steam-engine drive-wheel, and let the ball go toward Ben Thompson. Ben smiled and put his hands out to catch it. But he didn't smile long. Somehow Ben fell, and when he got up and put his hands in his pockets, and said he wasn't well and wanted to go home, we knew he was telling the truth, for he was as pale as death and there were tears in his eyes.

Sam Simmons took Ben's place and tried to paralyze the first baseman, but the first baseman swung around as usual and came up with the same sickly smile. And by-and-by he tossed a ball to Sam. Poor Sam! He tried to catch it, but it slipped through his hands, and at the present writing the remains of his late nose are being re-moulded in a plaster cast.

Then the rest of us determined to do up that dude if it cost us our lives. We waded in. For an hour the battle waged. At the end of that time there was only one sound man on the field.

That man was Mr. E. Bensing Compton. It was then we decided to adjourn.

"Enjoyed the afternoon immensely, I assure you," said Mr. Compton: "Hope to have the pleasure again."

But we didn't reciprocate. We didn't want reciprocity. We wanted solitude and arnica.

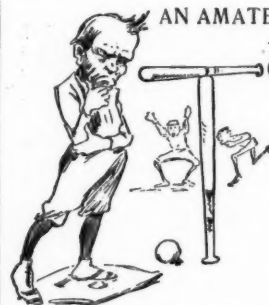
We went home, and that very night somebody picked up a daily paper and ran across this paragraph in the base-ball news:

Mr. Compton, the wonderful thrower and the excellent first baseman, has gone to the country for rest.

Last night we met at the cross-roads again, and after thoroughly kicking ourselves, we passed a resolution. The purport of that resolution was that if Mr. E. Bensing Compton wanted any health from Concord Corners, he was welcome to all he could get.

SALIM DORCHESTER.

## AN AMATEUR'S SOLILOQUY.



PLAY or not to play—that is the question! Whether 'tis better to look on and suffer The jealousy of seeing others playing, Or to take bat against some awful twisters, And by opposing knock them. To knock—to run— Aye, more!—and by a hit to say we end

Inaction and the thousand natural features Of getting out—ah, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished.

To throw, to catch— To catch? Perchance to muff! Aye, there's the rub! For into muffer's hands, what balls may come When he stands forth to show his skill, Must make no pause. Then there's conceit That makes us wish so much to play: For who would stand and watch these boys, And see them knock and throw and catch, And yet not try to play himself, When he might reputation make By a catch?

Who would stand aside, And groan and sweat beneath a useless coat, But that the dread of mugging in the game— That dire disgrace that makes a player blush With very shame—puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear those ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of.

Ah, thus conceit makes cowards of us all: And thus the native fire of resolution Is bullied out with the bare fear of mugging, And dreams of wondrous brilliant plays Fade 'way before the stern reality!

TRICOTRIN.

THE MOSQUITOS are so large in a certain town on Long Island that a bald-headed resident keeps them off in church by wearing a base-ball catcher's mask.

THE KING OF DIAMONDS—The Base-Ball Field.

AN IRON-CLAD—The B. B. Catcher.

OLD SCORES—32 to 10, and 47 to 23.





## SUMMER-RESORT NOTES.

THE TROUT-HOLE, Sun-Fish Lake, will be open on the 20th. Mr. Faraday Squelch, the gentlemanly manager of last year, has been re-engaged. One of the features of Trout-Hole is the natural eye-water spring on the premises. This spring is no optical delusion, as many of our eminent oculists send their patients to try its magic power. A half-blind, sore-eyed poodle walked into this spring by mistake last summer, and came out with such a clear vision that he could see all the tom-cats in the pussy-willows across the lake. Special rates for June.

THE MT. BALDERDASH PAVILION has just opened, and expects to be filled very shortly. A natural brandy-and-soda fountain and hot-drink spring are two of the main attractions, the latter to cheer the soul during the cold snaps peculiar to the mountain altitudes. A fine livery-stable on the premises. Clothes-horses and night-mares boarded by the day, week or month. Concert every evening by a band instructed not to put on any "Mikado" or other hackneyed airs.

THE MCGONIGLE HOUSE is one of the finest resorts in the Maine wilderness. It is a perfect paradise for sportsmen. The fish all have their weight branded on them, so that the anglers can tell what they catch without hurting their consciences. The guides are mostly Indians, who teach their language by the kindergarten system. No malaria or spinal meningitis.

THE FAMILY CREST is the name of an aristocratic resort on Marmalade Beach. Only families who can trace themselves back several centuries to be admitted. The guests will bathe in court dress, and will not have princes to wait on the table. Hempsey and Squirrel, the fashionable stationers, will have an office in the hotel, where crests and coats-of-arms may be had while you wait. G. Bentley-Thingamajig, proprietor.

[Other notes are crowded out by a great rush of spot-cash advertisements.]

### I GOT HIM AT LAST. AN IDYL.



On returning home one day, when my wife had been house-cleaning, I find a stranger within my gates.

## PARTICULAR POINTS.

THE CAFFALL PREPARATION has just been applied to the obelisk with satisfactory results, and is now being extensively advertised as invaluable as a preserver and hardener of monuments. We should advise Mr. Charles Mitchell to apply as much of the Caffall preparation to his jaw-bone as the latter can stand, just before stepping into the ring with Mr. John L. Sullivan.

A THIRD AVENUE STRIKER was recently fined ten dollars for kicking one of the company's horses. If the horse had been of the same stripe as the striker, and not a peaceful, law-abiding creature, he would have kicked back, and that would have been a good thing, except for the striker.

THERE HAS just been a call for money to help the Home-Rule business along. And now the servant-girls will stop outdressing their mistresses, and put that portion of their hard-earned gold in the hat, that doesn't get into the baretta.

ON THE opening day of the Coney Island Jockey Club, one of the races was for the Foam stakes. We don't see why such misleading and high-toned phraseology should have been employed. Why didn't they call it For the Beers?

IT IS SAID that Tammany's new chief wears no diamonds. Give him time!



I go to the cellar and try what effect an underhand surgical operation will have.



"What are they giving us?"



He has had some experience with the oddities of life.

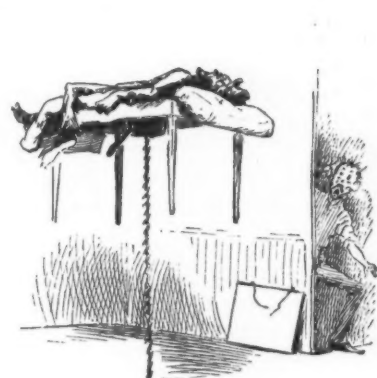


Tableau.

## TROCHES.

EVEN THE Vanderbilts, with all their money, can't buy shad without bones. Give us health and about twenty thousand dollars a year, and we can get along without wealth.

WHEN BOB INGERSOLL succeeded in having himself elected president of the Toledo, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, the railroad immediately changed its name.

WHEN HERR MOST was shaved it was discovered that he had very little chin left. He claims that a mule kicked him. We think he has talked too much.

AS NOTHING has been said about the Delaware peach-crop this year, we infer, of course, that it will meet with its usual failure.

"IS IT WRONG to toast Jeff Davis," asks a contemporary. No, there is nothing wrong about it, but why not boil him?

LAST YEAR'S low shoes are not quite good enough to wear and a little too good to throw away.



I paint a little motto, and try it on with startling and successful effect.

A YOUNG WOMAN in Washington is introducing the young attachés of the Chinese and Japanese legations into the mysteries of American small talk and society manners. When these almond-eyed young celestials return to China, the Pagoda, or whatever their ruler is called, will doubtless have them promptly hanged.

## BASE-HITS.

THE REASON the Metropolitans have not been beaten oftener this season is that we have had a great many rainy afternoons.

SOMETIMES Sullivan tries his hand at pitching. But he is not so strong in the box as he is on the box.

SAM JONES says that base-ball is another name for Sheol. Probably Sam has been betting on the New Yorks.

TO ERR is human; but we are not divine enough to forgive half-a-dozen errors in one inning.

THE ONLY gigantic thing about the New Yorks is the number of games they don't win.

ENGLISH BISHOPS and American base-ball players average about the same yearly salary.

IF THE New York base-ball club will please crawl under the bed, all will be forgiven.

PHILADELPHIA may be a slow town; but she can beat New York running bases.

## PUCK'S SOCIAL SCRAP-BOOK.—NO. I.



A SUNDAY MORNING SCENE IN BROOKLYN.

## THE RING WITHOUT PRICE.—A REMINISCENCE.

THE recent indignation of Republican France against the descendants of its former monarchs, culminated, not long ago, in a bill expelling them from their native land, which, however, failed to become a law. But the agitation was so significant that lately a millionaire member of the Orleans family offered his costly collection of jewels at public sale. Among the baubles was a blue diamond ring of extraordinary dimensions and unequalled rareness of tint. So valuable was this gem that no purchaser could be found for it, and it was returned to its royal owner, to be kept until some person shall appear with wealth enough to buy a trinket whose only value consists in being an indication of untold riches, and a very vulgar desire to parade this fact before those less fortunate than he, or more so, as you may happen to look at it. The dispatch in the morning papers states that this is the most valuable ring in all the world. This, too, I fancy, is as you may happen to look at it.

We, you and I, if you *will* insist on being exact, remember a ring which has a value possibly greater than this foreign trifle, whose price is so great that it can't be sold at all. But this also depends upon the way you may happen to look at it. Our ring, if I may call it thus, would probably not bring over two dollars and seventy-eight cents at a forced sale; but we wouldn't sell it, old fellow, for all the money ever coined.

Let me see, what finger did she wear it on, the first, second or third? I don't remember, but it certainly was on the right hand—a long, tapering, slender, delicate hand, whiter than they make hands now, seems to me, and softer, too, somehow. This narrow band of gold was once engraved, chased, I think mother called it; but when we were old enough to know rings from ripe cherries, it was smooth and thin—worn so. She hadn't taken it off for about thirty years when we took it off that Sunday afternoon, you remember, and buried it in pink cotton in that little paste-board box; and a ring will wear very thin in thirty years.

What a wonderful ring this was! Charmed, I firmly believe. Do you recollect how it used to chain us by her side every Sunday afternoon while she read "Pilgrim's Progress" to us? I don't believe any other ring could have quieted us by simply stroking our heads, when we asked how far the Pilgrim would have gotten if he had walked in a straight line up to the present time, and such other questions that occurred to us as being calculated to diversify the style of the entertainment. One tender stroke of that slender hand and, somehow, we grew as dumb as marble cherubs in a graveyard. This wasn't our usual habit on week-

days, Jim, if I recollect. There was nothing unhealthy about us in those days, and a doctor never had to be called, in because we were too good to live long. But however boisterous we were on usual occasions, we were never reckless enough to disregard the charm of that ring.

It could be harsh, too, as well as tender, and I have known it to irritate instead of soothe. I don't think I shall ever forget how that slender hand was wont to grasp the business portion of a soulless and broad-heeled slipper, and wield it with an earnestness and a vehemence that sometimes became even enthusiastic.

Then, too, there was something peculiarly touching, to me, Jim, in the persuading way this slender hand that wore the ring would grasp your most convenient ear and lead you, I used to pray, to repentance. I shall never forget it. I can't say, though, that I ever envied that exercise of yours in those merry, laughing days, Jim; for envy between brothers, we were taught, was unchristian. So I guarded scrupulously against this sin. Whenever you had something I was afraid I might envy, I used to gently but firmly take it away from you; and when you injudiciously told mother, I used to lick you, the first time we were alone, about three times as hard as mother had licked me, as near as I could judge, in the haste and excitement of the moment.

This talismanic ring had other charms though, than these. It had a way of pointing out an offender who deserved chastisement more severe than she felt capable of bestowing. I have seen that finger turned toward me at the table with certain feelings that moved me with a nameless fear.

Then, too, I have seen it point toward you. I remember, old fellow, how I used to crawl

out of bed, late at night, while you were merrily snoring in that blithesome, catarrhal way you had in those joyous days of yore—too yore, I fear, to ever come back again—and meet the boys in the lane back of the barn, where we would remain, raising merry, sportive, gladsome, light-brown Cain, until about fifteen minutes of daylight.

Then I would hasten back to the house, taking the thoughtful precaution to leave one of your boots on the ground outside the window, as if you had inadvertently dropped it there on your hasty return. Then I would crawl back into bed without arousing you, and wait for the rising bell to sound. At breakfast I would exhibit the workings of a light heart and spotless conscience, while you, old fellow, met the looks of suspicion cast upon us with that air of puzzled innocence that any experienced detective will tell you at once is a certain indication of conscious guilt. I was able to do this by always taking pains to leave a pound or so of suspicious circumstances lying around where some evil-minded person might pick them up when he thought no one was looking, and do with them as his sinful nature should suggest, always taking care his nature shouldn't suggest me, and thus, James, my boy, I frequently avoided a heap of needless agony large enough to fill a popular novel and a full dozen society dramas.

On these painful occasions I have seen this charmed ring point toward you, and a few minutes later I have heard, with sorrow, your childish voice raised in fruitless expostulation. There is where you frequently made a grievous error, James, but I disliked wounding your feelings by telling you then, and so, I fear, you never discovered it. Had you been posted, you would have known that suspicion pointed too squarely to you for you to deny the misdeed, and in so doing you only fastened upon yourself a reputation for untruthfulness that often made me ashamed of you, and forced me to blush for my family name.

Harsh or gentle, just or unjust, whatever it might have been, it was still a wonderful ring, and I doubt whether, with all its costliness, the blue diamond of the Orleans prince could ever have had the influence this simple band of gold never failed to command; and now, although shut out from the world in its paste-board casket, the memory of its once potent sway remains as strong as ever, and if the time ever comes when precious stones and metals are valued, as are men, according to their deeds, this plain and modest wedding-ring—this well-worn circle of yellow gold—will not be the least valuable of all the rings in all the world. Eh, James?

B. N.

## AN ENGAGEMENT FORESHADOWED.



The horses started up suddenly—and the coachman hadn't cracked his whip, either.



## A NEW WEAPON.



THE ladies, in their amiable but short-sighted warfare against the Demon Rum, have strangely neglected to make use of one valuable weapon.

I have sworn off, myself, and so don't mind giving them this friendly pointer.

They have tried to drive the rum-seller out of the business by adverse legislation, and to bore him out by holding prayer-meetings in his place, but have generally failed in both endeavors.

Now what they ought to do—for heaven's sake, come closer, ladies, and be sure you don't breathe a word about me in connection with this affair—what you ought to do is to take to drink yourselves.

I am quite sure that after only one lady had sauntered into the average bar-room and said: "I would like to look at some of your gin cocktails, please."

And had tasted and compared, and asked if the color was fast, and if it was all wool, and if it would wash, and said that she could buy the same thing at Flynn's for ten cents, that the bar-keeper would be only too glad to go out of the business.

And after he had had experience of the lady who wants "to match this sample of Rye Whiskey," and who keeps ten men waiting with parched lips and in all the agony of thirst while she matches colors and qualities, and says she knows she "got it here because she remembers you, young man, very distinctly," I think he would gladly commit suicide with one of his own five-cent cigars.

F. E. CHASE.

AS THE Broadway surface railroad is now controlled by a Philadelphia syndicate, we presume they will shortly introduce sleeping-cars on the line.

MOST is the wind-flower of his flock.

MAGNIFICAT—The Midnight Tom.

## CURRENT COMMENT.

AFTER ALL, the *Priscilla* is the cup-bearer. Had her name been "Ganymede," the joke would be better.

THE NEW editor of the Boston *Post* says: "Copies of the *Congressional Record* are regularly sent to Jefferson Davis." He deserves it all.

LITTLE BOSTON boys can buy pie with postage-stamps. When they haven't any stamps of their own, they steal them from their employers. This is wicked, of course, but little Boston boys must have pie.

THE PICTURE of the *Priscilla* turning the light-ship, printed in the *World* just after the race, gives us an idea for a suggestion to the Government. When the old navy is done away with, as we are informed on good authority that it is to be done away with, the men of war might do very well for conversion into lightships. The only altering they would need would be to be made water-tight.

THOMAS CARY, of Fishkill Hook, this State, insists that he has a hen-turkey that for three weeks past has laid one egg every day except Sunday, and then has laid two. He says he can't be mistaken, because there is no other hen-turkey anywhere about that neighborhood. —*N. Y. Sun*. The "Sunday League" ought to commence legal proceedings at once, and have the law enforced. It should apply for an injunction.

AFTER O'DONNELL was hung for the murder of the informer Carey, Blaine said that that execution would never have taken place had he been President. Now, we think it might be a good plan for the Jingo politician to have himself chosen referee of the Sullivan-Mitchell glove-fight on the 5th prox. at the Polo grounds. In his introduction of the gladiators, he might get in a little political work by stating that if elected President he would see that prize-fighting was made popular. If the day should be a "roaster," he could still perform the duties of referee with safety with a cabbage-leaf in his hat, for it will be just about time for him to turn over a new cabbage-leaf.

## "PREVIOUS" BELFAST.



HER CITIZENS BEGIN "HOME RULE" BEFORE THE BILL IS PASSED.

## THE OLD MAN'S CHOICE.



There are three things of beauty I have seen—  
Three things beside which other beauties pale.  
One is a ship at sea  
beneath full sail,  
When all her canvas draws,  
whose tall masts lean,  
While in her cordage sings  
the rising gale.

The second is a field of waving wheat,  
Grown tall and bright,  
and golden in the sun.  
A fair young woman is  
the other one,  
Which ends the trio of my  
graces sweet  
That with the full-rigged  
vessel was begun."

With four-score winters battered, bent and gray,  
So spoke this man passed far beyond life's prime,  
Yet answered, with a wealth of nerve sublime,  
Unto my query: "Which is fairest, pray?"  
"My son, give me the woman every time."

G. E. M.

## PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

WE have received "The Cornellian," which seems to be a history of the '87 Junior Class of Cornell University. It is a handsome book, about a foot long and half a foot wide, printed on paper smooth enough to skate on. It is full of delicate etchings, dainty poems, and college jokes that will split anything, from an Englishman's sides to a cord of wood. The champion pair-oared crew opposite page 123 look as though they could lower the record at a moment's notice, when steered by the jaunty coxswain whose picture appears at the top of the same page.

*Good Cheer* prints an amusing story of a bear being treed by mules. That is nothing. But if the mules had been treed by a bear, then there would be sufficient margin for some good honest fun.

We have received from Funk and Wagnalls, a neatly gotten-up volume of 172 pages, entitled "Bietigheim." We suppose the author printed it for the season of rabies, but, having a cold in his head, wrote the title as it now stands, instead of Bitinghim. It is a thrilling book, to say the least, and we will venture to say that the person who takes it up to read will feel better when it is finished. It is a book that should be dramatized, as it is full of intense situations, and would no doubt be a fortune in the hands of any respectable playwright. The illustration on the cover looks like a cross between a peace congress and a Coney Island pyrotechnic display.

The crowned heads of Europe endorse PICKINGS FROM PUCK as a safe, sure and speedy cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to.

We have received from Messrs. De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., of Boston, "That Terrible Boy," by Kate Tannatt Woods. We have not had time to read the book, owing to the many coupons we have had to cut, but imagine the hero is as dreadful as most small boys are. He most likely goes swimming in March, robs birds' nests, ties peachblow vases to the tail of the dog, paints his little sister's doll blue, and falls head-first out of the swing without hurting himself at all. Good little boys generally die young, but the hero of this book lives through 316 pages, from which we fancy him what is vulgarly known as a perfect terror.

It is true, as Mr. Howells says, that young poets are a nuisance. So are old ones, when they begin to drivel like me lud Alfred.

We have just been made happy by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, who have sent us the June issue of "Through the Year with the Poets," edited by Oscar Fay Adams, who has succeeded in collecting all the poetry ever written on June that is worth collecting. The copy before us is one of a special edition for wedding-presents. It is beautifully gotten up in pink and white covers, with a wild-rose, or something of that kind, blooming on the same; and under it a quotation from Longfellow. If you can't get out of the city for the summer, just read this little book, and you will fancy you are at the seashore or in the mountains. Many original contributions appear, as well as a number by writers who have never published collections.

"The best anti-lean cure is PICKINGS FROM PUCK," writes a Lancaster, Penn., man who recently purchased a copy, laughed and grew fat.



**SERVING TWO MASTERS**  
 The Sort of Thing that Will Cease When Senator



PUCK.



J. KEPPLER

NG TWO MASTERS.  
Cease When Senator Beck's Bill Becomes a Law.

## THIS IS NOT THE BATTLE OF FIVE FORKS -



IT IS THE FIVE-CENT RESTAURANT IN FULL OPERATION.

## PARTICULAR PARAGRAPHS.

## THE HOME-RULE QUESTION—Who Wears the Breeches?

ROSWELL P. FLOWER is in favor of putting the wires under ground. We think that the best place to put the wire-pullers also.

YOU NEEDN'T be afraid, Colonel Fellows, the Anarchists will not drown you. They would not dare to venture so close to the water.

IF JOSEPH should appear in his famous coat of many colors in this city, probably somebody would ask him how the races went at Sheep-head Bay.

NINE CLERGYMEN and Lydia Thompson sailed last week on one of the outward-bound steamers! This proves that Lydia still preserves her old-time attractiveness.

IT is reported that Sam Jones is laying up for himself treasures upon this earth, and will take his chances on moth and rust corrupting, or thieves breaking through and stealing. Sam believes in mixing a little business with religion.

LAST MONDAY NIGHT, John Swinton, Edward King, John Cornish and others, talked to the barbers in Cooper Union. It must have made the barbers feel queer, not to say down-hearted, to have to do the sitting still in silence, and be talked to.

THE DEBATE on the bill for the expulsion of the princes was begun in the Chamber of Deputies to-day, says a recent dispatch from Paris. This is about the best time for the princes to be thrown out, if they are to be thrown out at all. Because just now the summer hotels are opening, and blue-blooded waiters are at a premium, above the title of baron.

WE CANNOT say that we exactly understand the true meaning of the term "gridiron scheme" as applied to one of our Metropolitan horse-railroads. But that is no good reason why we should not suggest the "gridiron scheme" to each and every itinerant cook in the country who seems, especially in the matter of beef-steaks, to employ what might be literally termed a "frying-pan system."

AS FERDINAND WARD's yacht is lying just opposite Sing Sing, where he can see it while "kicking" the printing-press, we think it only fair that Fish's cell should

be decorated with actresses' pictures in order that he may be made sick too.

IS IT not rather late in the day to bring out articles accusing the late General McClellan of insubordination in 1861? If this thing keeps up, it ought to be in order, before long, to go for Frederick the Great and Scipio Africanus on the same plan.

JOE COBURN, who has been a pugilist ever since we can remember, has been arrested for stealing cigars.

Little boys who are contemplating a pugilistic career should stop and think. Such a life does not pay. There's nothing in it. For one Sullivan there are hundreds of Coburns. Be an Indian fighter and exterminator, if you will, little boy, but don't be a pugilist.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD has now a train known as the New York and Chicago Limited, which takes you to Chicago in one day. We will venture to say that inside of a week some humorist, or rather some fifty or sixty humorists, will come out and mention this fact, and then deplore it as a sad thing that it is possible to get to Chicago inside of a week.

TUXEDO PARK is so full of snakes that a reward is offered for every one killed. What Tuxedo Park really needs is an inebriate-asylum. Or, in other words, a man who can't afford to indulge freely in the flowing bowl might take a walk in this park and enjoy a good imitation of D. T.

SOFTLY BLOWS the chiccory  
Where the rose with the pansy flirts,  
And up in the breezy hickory  
Now bloom the hickory-shirts.

THE SOCIALISTS want our money, and soap is a vulgar synonym for gold, yet a Socialist does not like soap. This is a Chinese syllogism.

## OUR OVERWORKED INFANTS.



"So, you think you have to study too hard at the Kindergarten, dear? What's the matter?"

"Why, last week we had to cut paper squares, and now we're tying knots in strings, and we've got to learn real grown-up crocheting before the end of the term."

## THE NEW ANDROCLUS.

Adapted from the German of *Fliegende Blätter*.

THE classic story of Androclus old

Is sometimes to our credulous infants told,  
And now a modern instance we'll relate  
For Congress, at its ease to contemplate,

To show that on occasion brutes may feel  
A touch of impulse—let us say—genteel.  
A First Lieutenant of the "N<sup>th</sup>" Artillery,  
Rated in war-like art of greatest skill, or he  
Would not so often have been sent on missions  
Requiring lore of tactical conditions:  
Not fond of rum, not a tobacco-smoker,  
And not addicted to the game of Poker,  
Would, while his Mess-mates were at sportive play,  
Repair him to the green fields far away,  
And there with Chain or Telemeter strange  
Study the problem of a Cannon's range;  
Or with a Transit in his facile hand  
Map out the roads and rivers of the land.  
One fair spring day, as if by evil chance,  
A monstrous Panther stopped his quick advance.  
A Panther in your road is not a trifle,  
And hence our Officer did load his rifle,  
And aiming promptly at the savage brute,  
Prepared with rigid muscles straight to shoot.  
The Panther, far from wishing to be shot,  
Wagged his long tail and came up at a trot,  
In grim apology he hung his head,  
And seemed to hint a grave dislike of lead,  
And limping on a forefoot sore and lame  
Up to the First Lieutenant mildly came;  
Then most distinctly he his right eye winked,  
And in the Soldier's hand his left paw linked,  
There, sure enough, imbedded in the paw,  
A cruel thorn the First Lieutenant saw.  
The Officer most kindly pulled it out,  
And then the lordly Panther faced about;  
But ere he went, he deftly winked again,  
Expressing more than respite from his pain,  
And, gracefully as Aziz played the lute,  
He gave his friend a soldierly salute.  
The meaning of that fateful wink of warning  
Was very clearly known the following morning:  
At eight o'clock the Adjutant's report  
Showed twenty Senior Officers were short,  
No Colonel was around to take command,  
His Second Officer was not at hand,  
Three Majors failed in splendor to appear,  
Twelve Captains certainly were nowhere near,  
And three Lieutenants, heroes in their grade,  
For the first time were absent from parade.  
The next in rank was the wild Panther's friend,  
Who took command and held it to the end,  
And near at hand, recumbent on the ground,  
Lay the gorged Panther, corpulent and round,  
Which, grateful for the pain so well relieved,  
Had just a toothsome breakfast well achieved  
Of twenty men who on the Army List  
Had ranked the one who did the brute assist.  
That lucky day was very bright and vernal,  
And then the Subaltern was made a Colonel.

Down then, you First Lieutenants of the line,  
Down on your knees at some convenient shrine,  
And pray a panther may be sent to you  
To hurry up promotion now long due,  
And then perhaps a Captain you may be  
In some Battalion of Artillery;  
But as for Colonel, though you live forever,  
Oh, never, never, never, never!

PETER LEARY, JR.

WE WERE astonished recently to read in a newspaper the heading: "Pittsburgh White-washed," until we learned that it was a description of a base-ball game.





TUMBLE-BUGS.

COOKS, like magicians, are weird, mysterious mortals. They dress differently, to be sure, but the mission of both is to deceive people, which they do with grace and ease. The cook, like the conjurer, always has his sleeves rolled up, to convince you that there is no deception. He gracefully drops a piece of cold roast-beef that was left over from the day before into the sauce-pan, which is followed by some peas, parsley, carrots, and a little water. The pan is then placed daintily on the stove, and, after making two or three lunges at it with his wand, in the shape of an iron spoon, the trick is ready to be presented to his audience, which is made up of waiters. He then asks what particular dish they desire. After they have given their orders for beef à la mode, Irish stew, lamb pot-pie, roulade of beef à la jardinière, he holds the pan up high, where all can see that there is no secret mechanical appliance used, and, after making a few pleasant remarks, he gracefully fills all the orders from the one sauce-pan, in the same manner that the wizard Heller used to pour any desired liquor out of his magic bottle. The cook can also do an endless number of tricks with soups. But he can't monkey with boiled eggs.

MISS—well, we won't mention the lady's name, with her face wreathed in a great big self-satisfied smile, had just taken a pan of smoking biscuits from the oven, which was her first attempt at baking, when her youngest brother came in the kitchen, and made some exasperating remark about the appearance of her first effort, and she, chafing under his criticism, tossed one of the dainty morsels at him, striking the back of his head. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of accidental death. She didn't know it was loaded.

A NATIONAL food council is to be held in the autumn in London. One was held here the other day. Three tramps held a conference in front of a grocery-store, the subject of debate being the quickest and best means to adopt to get away with a Westphalia ham that was hanging near the door. Just as they had elected an executive committee of one to do the grabbing, a lady came along and bought the ham. The meeting then adjourned.

IT IS NOT positively necessary to wear knee-breeches and a polo-hat to become a proficient tennis-player. You can fall down, get in the players' way, and deserve the cordial hatred of all concerned just the same in trousers that bag at the knee, and a last year's Derby with weary lining.

FRESH EGGS now have the date of their birth stamped on the shell, which obviates the necessity of resorting to the ancient methods of determining whether they have

lived over the allotted time. Now, if the man who originated this idea will start a chicken department on the same principle, he will receive the blessing of countless thousands who, in spite of the tearing under the wing business, have been basely deceived.

A STORY IS TOLD of a Western woman who prevented a crowd of thirteen men from getting through a doorway to lynch her husband. We know that Western women are plucky. But New York can beat that. Not long since a woman kept back an angry crowd of fifty on the Elevated station, while endeavoring to fish a nickel for her fare out of a satchel crammed full of dress-samples and buttons.

AN EXCHANGE tells of a boy who was frightened so that he has not been able to talk since. It wouldn't be a bad idea to find out the nature of the fright, and spring it on the barber just when he commences to soap you.

THERE is a poem going the rounds entitled, "Under the Chestnuts." We did not read more than the heading, but should judge it was something about the end men's chairs in the minstrels.

W. C. GIBSON.

ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Certainly; we will shed the information with pleasure. "Tobacco" was named by the celebrated navigators, John and Sebastian Cabot, after their father, Mr. O. C. Cabot. He had met with many reverses, and his sons reverently spelt his name backward, in commemoration of that fact. Thus originated one of the most popular words in our language.

READER.—No, bicyclists are not eligible to membership in the Knights of Labor. They work too hard. Moreover, they never strike if they can help it; because when they do, they strike on their heads.

JEROME.—You are wrong. "There is no other royal path which leads to geometry" was a remark made by Euclid to Ptolemy, and not by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina.

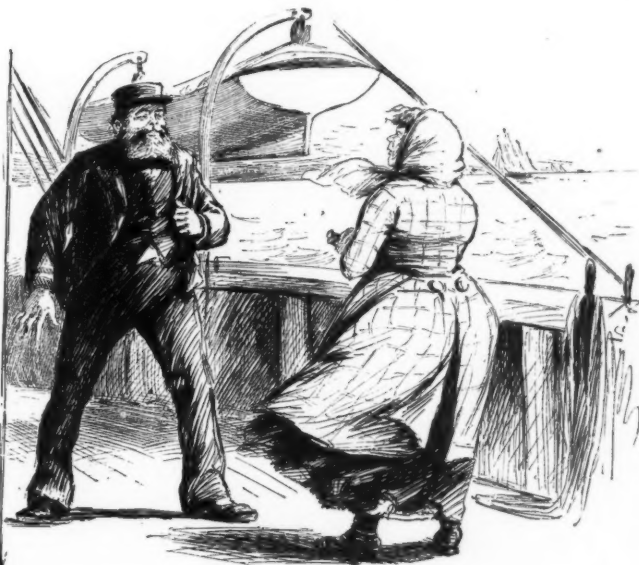
AUGUSTUS.—We print your joke on servant-girls coming from Biddeford, in order that your friends may know your true character, and treat you accordingly.

URBAN.—Incorrect. Hypochondria is the state of being melancholy, and not a huge South American serpent.

ETHELRED.—No, E. P. Roe never wrote a novel bearing such a title as "The Opening of a Jack-Pot."

WINFRED.—Your parody, entitled "Under the Green-back Tree," is respectfully waste-basketed.

VERY EXCLUSIVE.



MRS. SHODDY SMITH.—Captain, is there no way of avoiding those common trade-winds? One does hate to mix in with trade in any form.

SUMMER RECREATIONS.

Fishing.



GREAT many persons have been forced into the belief that fishermen hold the belt for unbridled prevarication. I

must conclude that to a grievous extent this idea has a bluestone foundation to brace it up; yet I have met individuals in this category who would hold to the truth with stern tenacity, when they felt a lie would endanger their grip on the man who carried the flask.

I could mention the names of a dozen men, true fishermen, who have an untamed hatred for anything which would wantonly rob the truth of its laurels. These men all go fishing, and I very often go with them, partly because I like fishing, and again because I have a hankering to know why it is that five-pound fish are always caught on the day that I stay home.

Last summer I spent five days in the wilderness of Sullivan County on a fishing-trip, and lived like a digger Indian to accomplish the rare feat of catching a bass. I have still in my possession one very happy future thought, and it is wrought by the fond hope that I may some time, probably this summer, kill my first bass. I didn't stay at York Lake the sixth day; that I consumed in wending my sad and weary way homeward.

I heard, however, the next week, that the largest catch of the season took place on the sixth day, and I am obliged to believe the assertion is true, as it has not been contradicted, and every man tells the same story, to a fin.

To those who are devotees to the piscatorial art, no anxious expectation has greater charms, charms that are full of brilliancy and satisfaction. The delusion that you are coming home laden down with a handsome string drives you frantic with joy, and this is generally the highest reward you get for your trip, although your lungs are, of course, expanded by a more salubrious atmosphere, and your stomach, by the same cause of expansion, has capacity for twice the amount of edibles carried with you.

Nature always lays out a trout-stream so that it flows through the territory of a belligerent farmer. The yokel likes trout, and consequently builds a big dam and converts part of the brook into a private preserve; then, before he assures himself of the existence of fish, places a barbed-wire fence across his line, raises a litter of bull-dogs, and puts up a trespass-sign. A report is soon circulated to the effect that trout of immense size are being daily captured by the yokel, and you become full of risk and defiance, start out to ford the brook and do the pond if you can buy off the dogs.

A. W. MUNKITTRICK.

PUCK'S "CLEVELAND WEDDING" NUMBER.

A new Edition of PUCK, of June 9th, containing the double-page Cartoon "PUCK'S CONGRATULATIONS," has just been completed, and can now be had of all booksellers and newsdealers, or will be mailed from the publication-office on receipt of price—10 cents.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 249 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



FRED: \* \*

## \* BROWN'S GINGER

Used on flannel instead of  
a Mustard Plaster,

WILL redden the skin, but  
WILL not blister.

*Fred Brown  
Philadelphia  
Pa*



### DO YOU SHAVE YOURSELF?

Travelers, or those who shave at home are invited to try Williams' Shaving Stick. An exquisite soap producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case covered with leatherette. OBTAIN IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST, OR SEND 25 CENTS IN STAMPS TO THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 529 Glastonbury, Ct., MFG'S FOR 50 YEARS OF "GENUINE YANKEE" SOAP.



**DENTAL OFFICE OF**  
**Philippine Dieffenbach-Truchsess**  
NO. 162 WEST 23D STREET, Bet. 6th and 7th Aves., N. Y.

**A PRIZE.**

Send 6c. for postage for free costly box of goods which will help all to more money than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

### THE PLAGIARIST.

If I've a taper that I light  
Where other tapers shine,  
Am I a thief and plagiarist,  
And is the light not mine?  
And if my taper shed a ray  
Much brighter than the first,  
Is taper number one the best,  
And number two the worst?

You say my thoughts in Homer lurk—  
Perhaps. But I'd be told  
Where honest Homer found his thoughts—  
His new ones or his old?  
The skylark sang in Homer's time:  
I hear it in the blue,  
Does this day's lark rob Homer's lark?  
Sweet critic, tell me true.

—Texas Siftings.

THE president and principal owner of a water-power in Ohio made a call upon the president and principal owner of a brick-yard in the same town, and suggested: "Wouldn't it be a good idea for our two concerns to consolidate under the name of the 'Buckeye Power and Brick Company?'" "But we are three miles apart, and what possible good can come from a consolidation?" "Why, in such an event, I'll own all the power and you'll own all the brick-yard inside of six months, and the small stockholders will never know how it happened." The papers were drawn up that very day.—*Wall St. News.*

A THIN, red-eyed young man was walking about ten paces behind a policeman. A large rat ran across the sidewalk in front of the cop and disappeared in the sewer. "Excuse me," said the youth, quickening his footsteps and tapping the officer on the arm: "but did you see a rat?" "I did, sor," replied the officer: "Thanks, awfully; I was a little afraid I had 'em again."—*Chicago Merchant Traveler.*

WHERE HE WOULD PUT IT.—Poet.—And you will print my poem? Editor.—Yes, sir; in the puzzle department.—*Tid-Bits.*

Do not go to Sea without a bottle of the genuine **Angostura Bitters**, the world renowned tonic and infallible remedy against Seasickness.

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## For ASTHMA, ROSE COLD AND HAY FEVER.

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**KELSEY & CO.**  
Meriden, Conn. 330

**A STOLEN VISIT.**

This is her dainty room,  
Where youth and beauty found their perfect bloom!  
This is her cosy chair;  
How oft her form has nestled softly there!  
Here is her gleaming glass  
By which her graceful figure used to pass;  
And, though she be away,  
It seems her smiles are there, and still will stay.  
These are her favorite books,  
The pages longing for her loving looks.  
Here is her happy bed,  
The pillow where she nightly rests her head.  
She comes—her step I know;  
Bless thee, sweet room! Alas, that I must go!  
—George Birdseye, in *Brooklyn Magazine*.

JUDGING from the newspaper portraits of the Anarchists, which probably flatter the originals, these outlaws could find employment in dime-museums as "wild men from Borneo." No make-up is necessary.—*Norristown Herald*.

**Lactated Food**  
**THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER**  
For Young or Delicate Children.

A Sure Preventive of  
**CHOLERA INFANTUM.**

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mother's milk.  
It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

An interesting pamphlet entitled "Medical Opinions on the Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.  
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PRICE, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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**PEARS' TRANSPARENT SHAVING STICK.**

100 years established as the cleanest and best preparation for SHAVING. it makes a profuse, Creamy, and Fragrant Lather, which leaves the Skin smooth, clean, cool and comfortable.

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for every form of  
SKIN and BLOOD  
DISEASE  
FROM  
PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

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An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Laxation, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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Packages 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address C. F. CUNTER, Confectioner,  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 76, 140, 154, 163 and 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

A CALIFORNIA widow who put her all into a deal in stocks and was shrunk out, called upon her broker and said:

"When will this thing probably come out in the papers?"

"To-morrow, doubtless."

"How long can you suppress it?"

"Why, I might keep it out two days, but not longer."

"Only two days? That's pretty short notice, but I'm a hustler when I get my bonnet on. I'll depend on the two days."

On the third day the papers chronicled her loss and her wedding on the same page.—*Wall St. News.*

THE Chinese alphabet contains about thirty thousand characters, and the man who thinks of constructing a Chinese type-writer will have to make it the size of a fifty horse-power threshing-machine and run it by steam.—*Norristown Herald.*

To write lightly, think deeply; to write heavily, don't think at all.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

As a Brain Food.

Dr. S. F. NEWCOMER, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

## HAIR REVIVUM

NOT A DYE.

The Crowning Glory  
of Man and Woman is  
a beautiful head of  
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HILL'S WHISKER DYE IS THE BEST EVER INVENTED. ONLY 50c.

THE FAMOUS SKIN REMEDY AND BEAUTIFIER  
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A HEALTHFUL SKIN

## SULPHUR SOAP

+ Beautifies the Complexion  
When used in the Toilet and the Bath

HEALS SORES & WOUNDS  
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See that this name is printed on each package of the soap.

C. N. CRITTENTON, PROPRIETOR New York SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

THE REVIVUM is the ONLY LOW PRICED preparation for restoring Gray Hair to its original color. It is certain and superior in effect to any other preparation, and is an agreeable Hair Dressing. Put up in bottles of good size, and sold by Druggists everywhere at only 50 cts.

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## LIFE BALSAM

FOR THE BLOOD.

An Old and Renowned Medicine.

When all other means have failed, experience has proved that this wonderful preparation has wrought more astonishing cures of scrofula and kindred diseases, however bad, than any other remedy on earth. IT SEARCHES THROUGH THE BLOOD, cleanses it from all humors, and enriches it to a condition of perfect health. In the treatment of any humor of the skin its operation is greatly aided by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap, as an abluent for the poisons of the blood as they come to the surface. The genuine HYATT'S LIFE BALSAM is prepared only at the Laboratory, 115 Fulton Street, New York, and is sold by all Druggists.

—SEND FOR PAMPHLET.—

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS, CURE IN ONE MINUTE.

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Any functional disease of the heart, usually called Heart Disease, readily yields to the use of

## DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR,

which is sold at \$1 a bottle by all Druggists. Be sure to get the genuine.—Pamphlet Free.

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## German Corn Remover

Kills Corns and Bunions. Beware of the many poor imitations. Ask for German Corn Remover and take no other. It has no equal. 25 CENTS.



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is about as sure to come as Summer is. It comes suddenly and without warning — is Dangerous and often Fatal.

**ARE YOU PREPARED** for its coming?

If any of your family are attacked **PROMPT** action only may save life. For **46 YEARS** ONE medicine has ALWAYS cured **CHOLERA, CHOLERA MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY** and all **SUMMER COMPLAINTS**. **CHILDREN** can take it with perfect safety.

This medicine is **Perry Davis' Pain Killer.**

To be on the safe side get some **NOW** and have it on hand. For sale by all Druggists.

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Together 5,200 PREMIUMS, amounting to 1,648,800 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the

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The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

N. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English Puck.

**PILES.** Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau Street, New York. 440

Numbers 9, 10, 26, 76, 140, 154, 163 and 418 of the English Puck will be bought at this office at 10 cents per copy. In mailing please roll lengthwise.

## BALLADE OF PUCK ON WHEELS.



WHEN full-fledged summer upon us glows  
And there isn't a breeze to stir the tree,  
When the country is full of circus-shows  
And we fly to the mountain-top and sea;  
When our collars melt up so fast that we  
Put a fresh one on when we go to meals,  
Oh then do we shout in our heartfelt glee,  
Oh give us a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS.

When the hard crab clings to the bather's toes  
And the small boy's stung to the quick by the bee  
Who thinks he's more luscious than any rose  
That ever dotted a bright green sea;  
When the fat man murmurs "Alack, ah me!"  
As the surf sends him flying head over heels;  
Oh then in the hammock we swing care-free,  
Reading our copy of PUCK ON WHEELS.  
When the light-winged zephyr our shallow blows  
Through many a lily argosy,  
And the stores in town on Saturday close  
If the merchants are good to their clerks, at three;  
When we in the afternoon all flee  
For our tennis-suits or our rods and reels;  
Oh that is the time that we all agree  
There's nothing so funny as PUCK ON WHEELS.

ENVOI.

Public of broad Ameri—kee,  
If you'd know how honest laughter feels  
In its fullest meaning from A to Z,  
Why, purchase a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS.

"PARABUXUSINIDINE is a newly-discovered alkaloid found in the twigs and green leaves of the box." How a thing with so much name could conceal itself so long in the twigs of the box, seems strange. It requires a store-box to hold its name alone.—Norristown Herald.

As THE car reached Westville an old man with a long white beard rose feebly from a seat in the corner and tottered toward the door. He was stopped, however, by the conductor, who said:

"Your fare, please."

"I paid my fare."

"When? I don't remember it."

"Why, I paid you when I got on the car."

"Where did you get on?"

"At Fair Haven."

"That wont do," said the conductor: "when I left Fair Haven there was only a little boy on the train."

"Yes," answered the old man: "I know that; I was that little boy."—New Haven Morning News.

THE speaker who neglected to remark somewhere in his discourse: "The question is no longer, 'What are we going to do with our foreign population?' but, 'What is our foreign population going to do with us?'" was generally believed to have forgotten an important part of his oration.—R. J. B. in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE only championship that Yale now holds is in lawn-tennis. Next year it may be reduced to croquet.—N. O. Picayune.

HENRY WATSON, of Greenville, Mich., kept "Rough on Rats" in his barn, and several hundred of his Plymouth Rock chickens dined on it and died. This poison seems to be "rough" on every living thing except rats. Hence its name.—Norristown Herald.

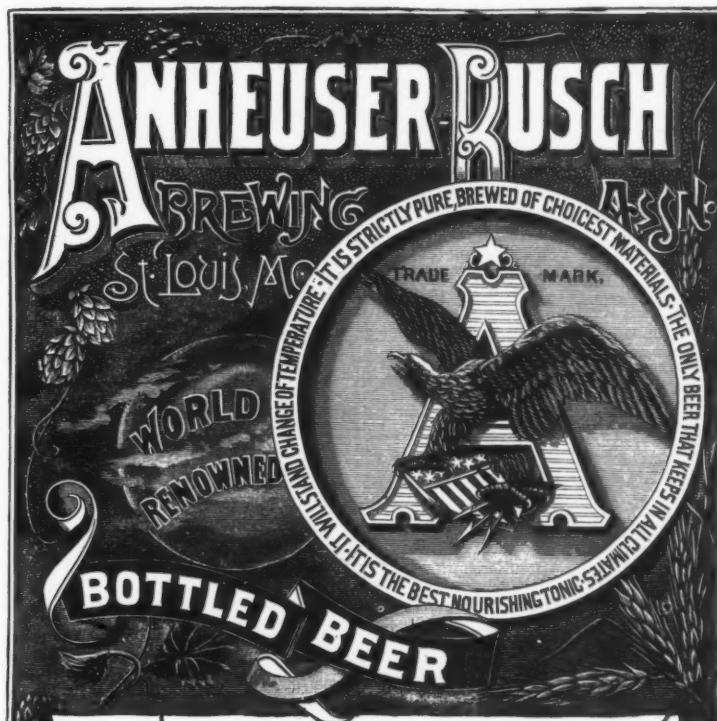
"It looks like wain. old fellah. I guess we'd bettah have a hansom." "What do you want a hansom for? It's only half a dozen blocks, and you've got your umbrella." "Yaas, deah boy, but it's my walking-umbwella. I cawn't use it faw a wain umbwella. I could nevah wap it up again, don't yer know."—Town Topics.

THE bakers of this city do not propose to let the Knights of Labor have any finger in their pie. They take the cake themselves.—Boston Post.

## A REMARKABLE RECORD ON A REMARKABLE WHEEL.

Albert Schock, at Minneapolis, broke the World's long distance record of 1,007 miles made by F. Lees, at Middleboro, England, in 1880, on an "American Champion" Roadster (Gormully & Jeffery, Chicago, Ill.), making 1,009½ miles and defeating the well-known Woodside on a racer, by nearly 100 miles. The "Champion" that Schock rode was the first one put together. The result is remarkable as well as significant. 643

America's Favorite



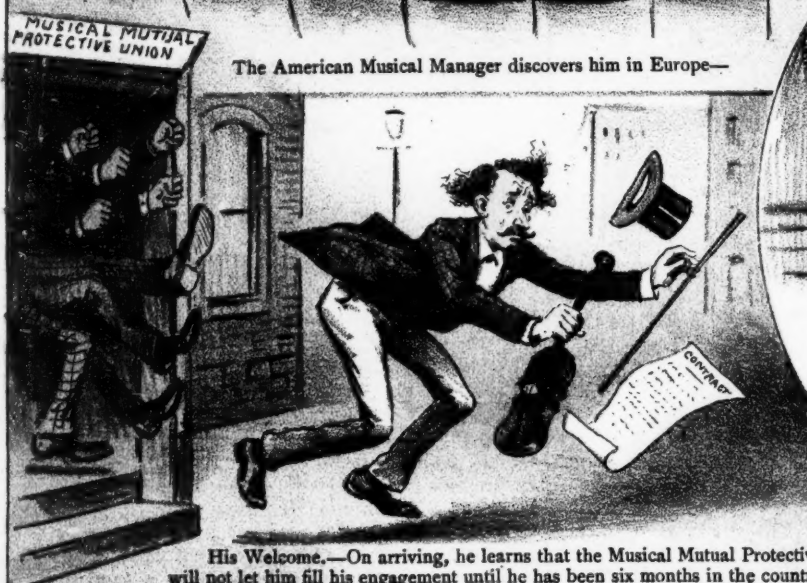
Lager Beer



And engages him.



He dreams of a triumphant future in America.

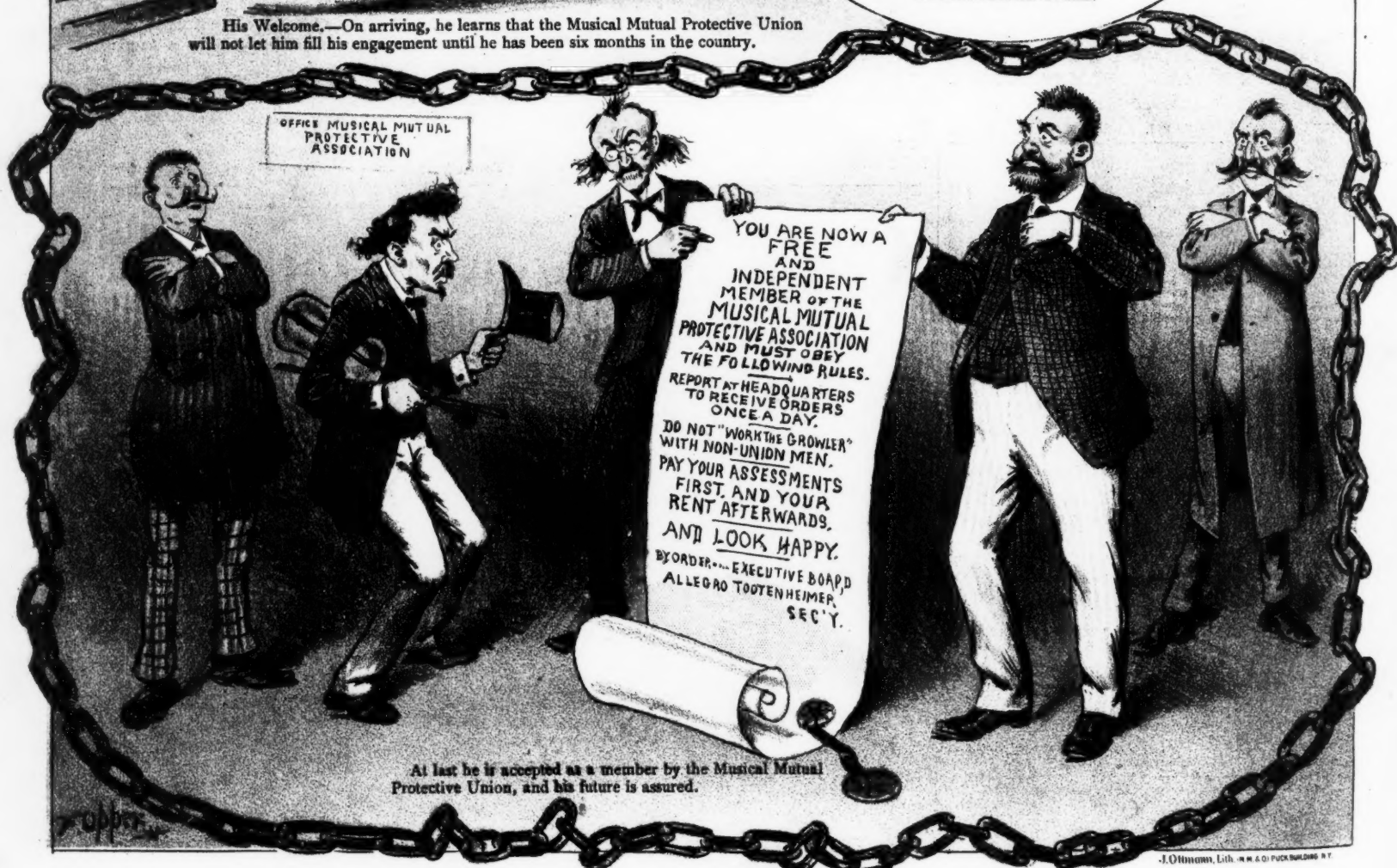


The American Musical Manager discovers him in Europe—



He serves his six months.

His Welcome.—On arriving, he learns that the Musical Mutual Protective Union will not let him fill his engagement until he has been six months in the country.



At last he is accepted as a member by the Musical Mutual Protective Union, and his future is assured.

FROM "TYRANNICAL EUROPE" TO "FREE AMERICA."